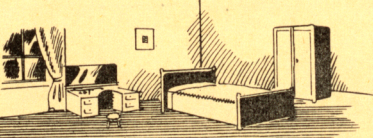
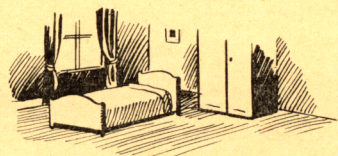


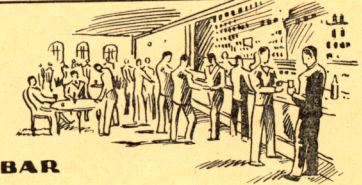
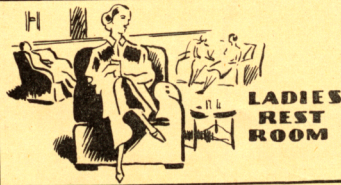
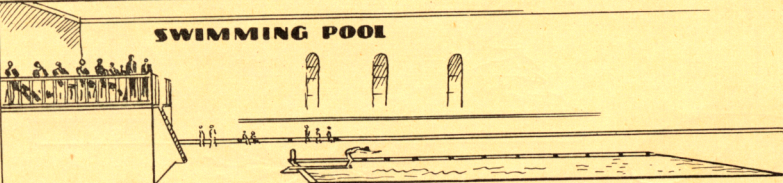
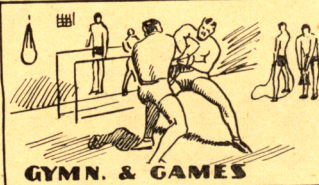

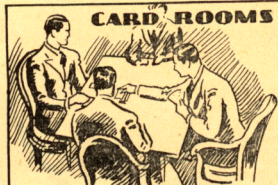
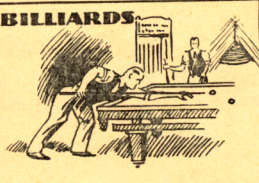
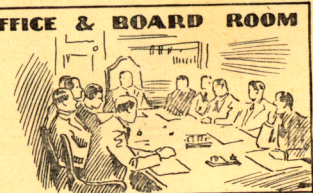







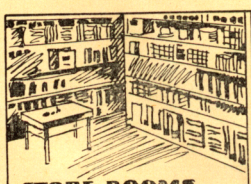
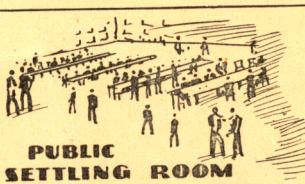
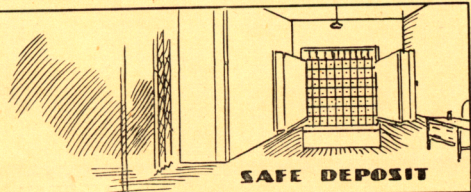


Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 15. No. 6. August, 1942.



 <p>BEDROOMS</p> 			FLOOR 5	
 <p>DINING ROOM</p>	 <p>LOUNGE</p>	 <p>BAR</p>	FLOOR 4	
 <p>LADIES REST ROOM</p>	 <p>SWIMMING POOL</p>		FLOOR 3 me 33.	
 <p>GYMN. & GAMES</p>	 <p>TREATMENT</p>			FLOOR 3
 <p>CARD ROOMS</p>	 <p>BUFFET & BAR</p>	 <p>BILLIARDS</p>	 <p>OFFICE & BOARD ROOM</p>	FLOOR 2
 <p>CLUB ROOM</p>	 <p>BAR</p>	 <p>BARBER</p>	 <p>GROCERIES</p> <p>TELE- PHONES</p>	FLOOR 1
 <p>CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE</p>	 <p>ENQUIRIES</p>	 <p>ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE</p>		GROUND FLOOR
 <p>STORE ROOMS</p>	 <p>PUBLIC SETTLING ROOM</p>	 <p>SAFE DEPOSIT</p>		BASE- MENT

TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 15. No. 6

August, 1942



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

The Club's long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 12th September, 1942. Principal event: The Chelmsford Stakes.

The Club Man's Diary

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS: 1st, Mr. S. J. Fox; 9th, Capt. F. Lubrano; 14th, Mr. E. K. White, Mr. S. Biber; 18th, Professor J. D. Stewart; 25th, Hon. A. Mair, M.L.A.; 26th, Mr. P. H. Goldstein; 30th, Mr. E. H. Bowman; 31st, P/O. E. L. Sodersteen.

* * *

"No winners guaranteed, but a fair dinkum run promised for your money." Randwick could not have offered better. Patrons crowded round the wheel, and tried their luck at the various games conducted in aid of war charities in the club on the night of July 30, which resulted in a net profit of £379/12/11. There were no winners, as a matter of fact. Everybody acknowledged a losing night. This was as the Committee had planned. You might be lucky first pop and walk off with a prize, but you would need to be extraordinarily fortunate to sustain that run of success.

While people spent generously in the full knowledge that the cause required it, there was no doubt that the additional lure of a little gamble helped. It added zest to the proceedings.

Tattersall's Club is fortunate every time in being supported by the patronage of the many. The purpose of these appeals is appreciated. The need is there, the cause is good; the club has a duty to perform. The rest is up to members. So it was nice to note that so many members came along, as one member put it (but quickly corrected himself) "attended by their wives or friends."

We like to see the wives present. They should be accorded the chance, when opportunity permits, of seeing the club (apart from hearing of the club) to which their husbands belong. Seeing is believing. Then, as one husband put it, the presence of wives is a guarantee that money will flow.

There will be other evenings like that of July 30. As the war drags on, the demands on the people here at home, on behalf of their defenders, may be even greater. Tattersall's Club, as a club with a tradition of loyalty and service, is determined to play its part. It will be constantly up to members to honour by their presence the pledge of the club.

* * *

Communiques from General MacArthur's headquarters have been "short, sharp and shiney." They don't disclose more than the bare facts. The Commander-in-Chief doesn't dwell to polish his periods, as it was said of Ian Hamilton when the public became impatient of his delay in lodging a report on the Gallipoli evacuation. General MacArthur is proving that the sword can be mightier than the pen; but he has shown also, when the occasion has presented itself, that the pen can be mighty good, too.

Walter Trohan relates an instance in reviewing the private and official life of General MacArthur in the "Chicago Sunday Tribune." In 1928, the man who, nowadays, controls the fortunes of our part of the world, was elected president of the American Olympic Association, and took the American Olympic team to Amsterdam. That was the year the Finns ran wild and America had a difficult time coming out on top in the ninth Olympiad.

Trohan writes: "In an exalted mood, MacArthur sat down and penned a report to President Coolidge, whose knowledge of sports was on a level with his knowledge of the polyphonic motets of Lassus. Here a rolling excerpt from the report: 'No words of mine can even remotely portray such great moments as the resistless onslaught of that matchless California eight as it swirled and crashed down the placid water of the Sloten; that indomitable will for victory which marked the deathless rush of Barbuti; that sparkling combination of speed and grace by Elizabeth Robinson, which

might have revealed even Artemis herself on the heights of Olympus.

'I can record the bare, blunt facts, trusting that the imagination will supply the magic touch. . . . In undertaking this difficult task, I recall a message in Plutarch wherein Themistocles, being asked whether he would rather be Achilles or Homer, replied: 'Which would you rather be, a conqueror in the Olympic games or the crier who proclaims who are conquerors?'"

Journalism lost something when Douglas MacArthur declared for a military career. To-day, he is a commanding figure, as much physically as in official stature. Picture, by comparison, the average journalist!

* * *

The picture of a square-rigged ship, published in the "S.M. Herald" during July, called up for Mr. W. P. Stimson a chapter in his life harking back 51 years. A long time ago, but the scene was recreated with the freshness of yesterday.

Young Bill Stimson, then 15 years of age, had arrived at Flood's Wharf. It was dawn. Here was his dream realised in the sight of the good ship Patriarch. He had begged his parents to let him be a sailor boy. They had consented — paid £80 (big money those days) to apprentice him to the Aberdeen White Star Line. But, as it often happens in youth, the rosiest dream scarcely compensates for the reality of home. As the Patriarch was borne out by a tug from Flood's Wharf, Bill's heart was nearly torn out in dragging its home moorings.

Suddenly into the setting came another ship in tow. It was the P. & O. square-rigged Argonaut. And that was the ship pictured in the "Herald" last month!

Both were bound for England. That meant nothing. Once in the open sea, ships separated. Their skippers had different ideas of navigation as related to winds and currents. Seldom did one ship sight another on the voyage. Nor did the

Patriarch sight the Argonaut; but, coincidentally, three months later they were being towed up the Thames at the one time.

The rest of the story — covering Mr. Stimson's four years at sea — would fill a volume. They were hard years. But he looks back upon them not regretfully. Although the life had proved not so colorful as his imagination had pictured, the adventure was worth the living even for the brief gratification of a youthful yearning.

* * *

Mr. R. C. (Reggie) Allen has entered on his 43rd year as a member of the committee of the A.J.C. He became a member of the A.J.C. in 1882. Behind the reserve of this veteran sportsman is a frank friendliness, a kindly, generous outlook on the world, and goodwill toward men.

* * *

"Come on, come on!" When the boys heard that they began to move away from owners and trainers toward their mount, even if last-minute instructions were uncompleted — for the command was that of Tom Luckey. In hunting livery, mounted on an Arab, and with the riding crop which had whipped home The Barb in one or the other of his Sydney Cup victories of 1868 and 1869, Tom was in those brief moments King of the Saddling Pad-dock. When he commanded "come on, come on!" nobody tarried.

Tom's successor has kept to the words of the old sportsman in breaking up the conferences of trainers and jockeys as the time arrives for going to the post. The tone is less harshly authoritative, but it still means what old Tom meant.

What a better effort most of us would put up if to spur us there were more commands, fewer pleas and please. Anybody who argues that a people can toughen on persuasion rather than on rapped-out orders is funkng reality.

* * *

Gunder Haeg has broken four world's running records.

You're a better man than I am
Gunder Haeg.

I was telling Lionel Bloom of my new grandson, and he was countering with stories about his twin sons. It was even going, so to speak. By way of variation I interpolated the true story — guaranteed true because I overheard it in the telling — of a little girl (aged 5) and a little boy (aged 4). The boy had broken the news: "We've got a new baby in our home." The girl answered: Yes, the Government makes you do that."

Under naturalisation, rationalisation, or any other heading, the story would stand as a classic example of the weird and wonderful things said by innocent children.

Lionel told of his visiting with his twin sons a theatre at which a Lady Godiva act was staged. The Lady entered on a milk-white charger. She had little more than her flowing tresses for protection against the glare of the lights. At this tense moment one of the twins addressed Lionel: "Daddy, what a beautiful white horse!"

* * *

THE CHESS GAME

My lady scans the board with eager eye,

Her lovely brows contracted in a scheme.

So Pallas once, beneath a Phrygian sky,

Plotted fulfilment of a grander dream

And spurred her chosen heroes to the plain.

*My lady's wit is but of mortal kind;
Her move is all intent on distant gain,
And to the loss now imminent is blind.*

But now she cries, "O! May I take it back?"

I sigh, but gently answer, "Yes, you may."

*Perhaps I am a fool the laws to slack,
But still I think that if she looks that way*

When she has blundered in a sterner game,

Then even Destiny might do the same.

Edward D. Whiting

The story printed in the newspapers of a good fellow of a country town, found dead under a tree, who had willed a bottle of whisky to the minister who happened to read prayers at his burial, recalled a frightful indiscretion committed by me under the belief that I was tipping the verger. This was at the wedding of a friend. As I was on holidays and didn't care; as many of the boys who had come to the ceremony were also on holidays and didn't care, the preliminary to the main event became rather lively.

Just before we approached the church, the bridegroom-elect pulled me aside, secretly slipped me a flask of whisky and a pound note, whispering: "You know what to do: Coming down the aisle, or somewhere you won't be seen, pass the bottle and the quid to the verger. He's a good sport and likes a taste."

As we came down the aisle to the peals of the organ, I discreetly edged away the bridesmaid, on my arm, and quickly presented the pound note — by means of a simulated handshake — to an old gentleman in a long black robe. At the same time I dropped the flask into his pocket, whispering: "Have one with me, old boy."

Feeling my duty nobly done, I presented myself later to the bridegroom for congratulations. "Go away!" he moaned. "You picked the wrong man. He was another old rector attached to the church; one who doesn't drink, and a fair dinkum wowser!"

* * *

"Monty" Noble had a stock of cricketing yarns — one of his best related to the batsman who went in last. He appeared wearing a yachting cap. "Hey!" shouted a barracker, "you're not at sea now."

"You never made a bigger mistake in your life," the batsman retorted.

He was bowled first ball.

* * *

"Parachutists landed behind the lines . . . He was saved by using his parachute when the engine konk-

(Continued on Page 4.)

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

ed out." Items such as those appear frequently in the war news. They remind me of a conversation which nearly inveigled me, in my youth, to "take the drop" — as my friend the parachutist, delicately described it. "You just floats up in the ole balloon," said he, casually. "I pulls the string, cuts you away — ziph! — an' down you comes just like a dove settlin'. It's nuthink."

Nuthink! Well, that chap had ridden a bicycle from the top of a chute across a fiery chasm; dived from a bridge into a river, while he was tied in a bag; fought duels, swallowed swords, and — as he explained — "moved about a great deal, but generally got married if he liked the place and decided to stay a few months."

I begged to be excused; but a daredevil pal decided to go up provided the professional didn't cut him adrift on the parachute, but let him "ride out the balloon." Heaven knows when or where he might have fallen, but the youngster took that risk. All was going serenely when the Earth seemed to be rushing up toward the amateur — he had been "cut away."

Soon the descent eased, and he was conscious of violent oscillations. Down, down, down — . . . would he miss that fence? Terrifying calculations, awful suspense, and — tucking his feet, he just missed, landing on one side and the parachute on the other.

When this lad next "went up" again it was as a member of the Air Force in World War I.

* * *

There is the story of a man on top of a ladder — a plumber repairing spouting and using molten metal. Suddenly he dropped a couple of blistering spots on the arms of the man holding the ladder. "Hey, Bill!" the injured one shouted, "What the — ! ! !" An old lady, passing cried: "What awful lan-

guage! I'll call a policeman, I will."

When the limb of the law arrived he questioned the man of strange oaths, who denied resolutely that he had said anything out of place. "Well, just what did you say?" asked the policeman. "I just sez," the fellow confided, still rubbing his smarting arms, "Oh, William, you ought really to be more careful."

* * *

Now, while I cannot give any names in this item, it goes like this (writes Guy Livingston in "Mercury," journal of Los Angeles Athletic Club):—They finally caught up with the fellow in the game room, whom they have been suspecting slipping in a cold deck every now and then just for luck. While he hasn't been a consistent winner, the switching of decks only proved annoying at times, so after a conference among the regulars to work out a way to stop this habit, with the aid of a little glue they sealed this spare deck solid in two equal parts and placed it by this player. After the game was in progress and it was his turn to deal, he switched decks through habit, started to shuffle, but with no success. A funny expression came over his face, and he said to the other players: "I have played with many a cold deck in my time, but this is the first one I ever had freeze up on me."

Although it is not stated expressly anywhere in the journal, from a perusal of the picture page, I should guess that "Mercury" incorporates "Venus."

* * *

This story has the appeal of not having been written by a famous correspondent at an operational base somewhere in Australia:

A shipwrecked stoker cast upon a barren isle, after his ship had been submarined, was dying with thirst when he happened across a turtle, evidently suffering from toothache. On turning out his pockets, the sailor found a morphia pill, needle

and forceps. With those aids he drew the turtle's outraged molar. The turtle was so gratified on finding his head once more free from pain that he hoisted the now unconscious stoker on her back, swam with him back to civilisation, placed his head under the nearest tap, and turned it on.

P.S.: At that stage the stoker woke up.

* * *

One time we used to sing: "Hush, hush, here comes the Bogey Man!" Now it's "Hush, hush, here comes the Man-power Man!"

* * *

The British Broadcasting Commission's frowning on jazzed-up thefts from the classics, and which foul the ether-borne flow of original compositions, revealed a spark of imagination in the make-up of this organisation.

Edwin Henry Lemare, noted English organist, was the author of many compositions for the organ. Prior to his death in 1934, the copyright on one of these original compositions expired. Two American composers, apparently aware that the copyright had lapsed, took the melody and even the harmony to a great extent, and fashioned it into a song which they called "Moonlight and Roses."

A great rumpus was raised in the musical world soon thereafter when it was recognised what had been done. The two composers had copyrighted their song which was a direct steal from Lemare. The matter was settled when they agreed to share royalties with him.

Shortly after the close of the world war a composer brought forth a new song which gained great popularity. It was titled, "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows." Soon after the piece appeared pianists began recalling where they had heard the melody that made up the chorus of the song. It was discovered it was a strain from a well-known classical piano concerto of one of the old masters.

These are but two examples. There are many of them.

How to Taste and Judge Wines and Spirits

It is impossible to taste any beverage fairly if you have previously formed an opinion of it. You should try to be as unprejudiced as possible. If you ask friends to pass judgment, do not let them know what they are tasting and try to avoid imparting any hint of your own opinion, whether favourable or unfavourable. Before tasting, be sure that the wine, whiskey, cognac or whatever in your glass is at the proper temperature, that you have the correct glass, and, if there is any sediment, that it has settled to the bottom of the bottle. The glass should not be more than one-quarter full. Look for soundness, cleanness and something that will give you pleasure to drink.

Your Eyes.—Look first for brilliancy, a characteristic known to tasters as "Candle bright." Second, look for perfect colour; is it correct for the type you are tasting? Third, if it is a wine, judge the effervescence. The bubbles should be very small, constantly rising and breaking on the surface.

Your Nose.—Swing the glass with a rotary motion so as to release the aroma or esters; put your nose over the middle of the glass and inhale deeply. It should smell clean. There

should be no sign of yeast or of incomplete fermentation; no woody, corky or casky smell or doubtful aroma. Second, the aroma should be completely homogeneous; it should be



a single unit, not two or more distinct smells. Third, you should detect a delicate bouquet. Fourth, you should note the characteristics of the particular type you are tasting.

Your Taste.—This is the final test. take a small quantity into your mouth and roll it around so as to cover the four groups of tasting

glands on your tongue—one on the tip, one on each side and one in the back, just in front of your palate. Look first for cleanness, second for sweetness or acidity. Distinguish between acidity and sourness; don't conclude it is sour if it is simply dry; sourness means the presence of acetic acid (vinegar). Third, look for body; is it thin and watery or does it fill your mouth with flavour? Fourth, is the general impression pleasing? The answer to this question is the most important. Fifth, is it true to type?

In every type there is a vast difference in flavour, bouquet and other characteristics, but all the characteristics of the type are present in each one. It would be false tasting, for instance, to condemn a champagne because it differed from any other champagne; for if it has champagne colour, brilliancy, effervescence, bouquet, dryness and a pleasing after-taste, it is true to type, even though it may not be identical with the particular brand of champagne to which you are accustomed. You cannot condemn a Barsac because it is not like a Chateau Yquem. Yet they are both perfect types of Sauternes in spite of their pronouncedly different individualities.



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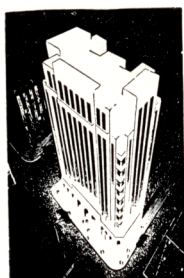
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BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

During the past month the billiard room has been kept busy and some fine individual performances have been put up; but why will the great bulk of cueists insist on using as much "side" as they can impart on the ball in every shot played? Miscues result and good intentions are thwarted with a consistency worthy of a better cause. There are certain spots on a cue-ball which can be struck with safety, but beyond those points danger looms in a big way.

A diagram is reproduced on this page which shows the extreme limit of striking-points. Five circles are shown on a ball face and they represent the farthest point from the centre for striking, and if the reader will study them closely he will see that the cue-tip centre is not far removed from dead-centre of the ball.

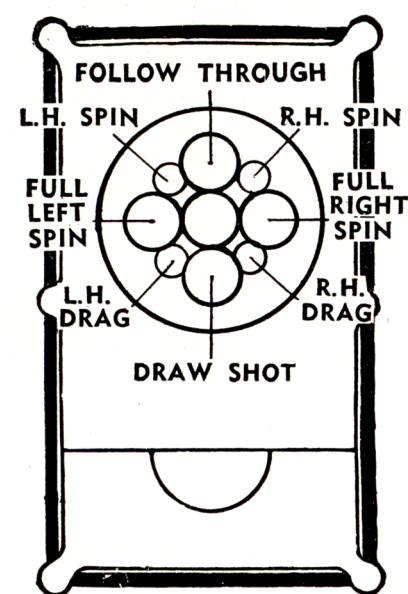
Common mistakes are: when trying to play the draw or screw-back shot amateurs seem imbued with the idea that they must strike as close to the cloth as possible and cannot understand it when the cue-ball jumps over the object-ball. Again, when imparting right or left-hand "side" the desire is to strike on the edge of the ball with the result that it skids away on a career of uselessness.

The smaller circles, or the centre point on them, represents the cue-contact for rotary spin.

When the cue-ball is struck above centre it rolls towards its objective but when it is struck below centre it glides along the cloth while spinning in the opposite direction. The side-spin, commonly known as "running" or "check," sends the ball away with spin which will create new angles on contact.

Obviously, the ability to utilise "side" correctly represents the mastery of the man behind the stick, but its application, in correct manner, is attained by a very small percentage of players.

The fifteen to twenty-break player would be well advised to get into the habit of striking the cue-ball dead-centre or as near thereto as possible. That is not so easy as it



Wrong application of "side" ruins many good intentions. Striking points on cue-ball are definite and must not be exceeded. Different spin is necessary for playing up or down the table; dead-centre striking best for all but advanced players.

would seem. If the reader has any doubts about it, let him place the cue-ball on the centre spot in the D and send it up and down the table over the centre, pyramid and billiards spots. Good players will always get within an inch of such an objective, but the great bulk would be amazed at their inability to get anywhere near it.

Many amateurs use "side" without intending to do so, and then wonder why they have missed a

simple shot. Here it is that their cueing is at fault and a course of centre-ball hitting is the one and only cure.

Joe Davis, world's champion snooker player, advocates the use of as little side as possible when potting. He declares that in the majority of cases when he misses a shot the reason can be tracked down to the application of "side" on the cue-ball. The cue-ball has a tendency to turn from its course, and this especially applies when the shot is of the slow variety.

Let me quote Joe Davis again. He gave us a fine lecture one morning on our standard table during the period he was staying at our Club. Here are his own words:—

"If players will persist in using 'side' when potting, they must first learn that with right-hand 'side' the aim must be a little thicker for contact on the object ball, and, with left-hand side, a little thinner. In one case the cue-ball will drift to the right and in the other to the left. The amount of variation will largely depend on the speed of the shot.

"Again, playing down the table (from the billiards spot end towards baulk) it is necessary to make reverse allowance for 'side' as when playing against the nap the cue-ball will, strangely enough, drift in the opposite direction to the 'side' employed — thus with right-hand 'side' aim must be for a thinner contact and with left-side for a thicker contact."

Such niceties, it will be readily understood, are not for the ordinary player, and, in the main, it would pay mediocre players handsomely to leave it to the opponent to experiment.

A DAY AT THE RACES

On the paddock rail you see the gamblers who contribute to the millions bet at the windows. They are just part of the show. It takes all sorts of people to make up the racing crowd.

(By Meyer Berger in "The New York Times")

Signs point the way through the station to the Race Track Special, but most of the customers move along as if they could find the way blindfolded. In the sluggish human tide the men seem mostly middle-aged, somewhat on the paunchy side and noticeably partial to plump cigars. The women are mostly middle-aged, too, and a trifle hard-eyed. The customers blink when stray sunbeams lance at their eyes as if they were unaccustomed to natural light.

Five ponderous fellows with the disillusioned, hooded eyes of retired cops glumly watch the flow as men and women buy race-track admissions at 1.50 dol. each at a long row of grilled windows. Club-house admissions with paddock privileges sell at 4 dols. Twelve deft railroad clerks behind other grilled windows busily push out round-trip tickets for the Race Track special and the hefty patrons ooze along like gorged zombies after Thanksgiving Dinner at a Witches' Sabbath party. Occasional tense young men and blonde girls thread through the slower traffic, but these are comparatively few.

The five ponderous men barely stir. Only their eyes move under the hooded lids. "Pinkertons," the uniformed railroad guard explains. "They watch the coin. They take it out to the track when the windows close."

The guard, lonely in the multitude, is eager to supply information. He says the specials carry around 15,000 patrons to the track every week day, around 20,000 to 25,000 on Saturdays. There is no racing on Sunday. Trains carry the patrons in loads of from 1,000 to 1,500 every fifteen minutes after 12.30 p.m. You see pretty much the same faces on the specials every day.

You meet some odd fish, the guard confides. Like Rosie. For years now

Rosie has been getting her tickets at the same terminal window because she has fallen into a groove, like a mole in a run. Rosie is an old white-haired lady. She dresses rather carelessly in black, but other customers say she owns blocks of houses in Manhattan. "They say that about any old lady, though," the talkative guard reflects, "and maybe it isn't true." He has never asked. The guard looks concernedly up the ramp as if he expects Rosie any moment. "She ain't showed up so far this year," the guard says. "Maybe she's seen her last race. She's around 80." Rosie doesn't show up, but there are other old ladies who move with difficulty because of size or infirmity.

Three little yellow men buy race-track admissions and round-trip passages and then go outside the margin of tide flow to whisper excitedly to one another. The guard watches them gloomily. "We get a lot of Chinese," he says. "They're supposed to be wonderful gamblers. That's what I hear." Men obviously of different religious faiths pause briefly to drop coins into a little aluminium cup held out by a placid sister of charity who stands, almost motionless, between ticket windows and the gate. The guard says gamblers, a superstitious breed, seldom pass nuns without leaving some contribution. "They think it brings luck," he explains.

At the foot of the stairs a thin railroad man with a mechanical counter clicks off the fares as they descend. When he has counted enough to fill the train he signals and the train leaves. Around the counter scratch-sheet peddlers' voices echo in the cavernous tunnel. "All scratches here," they holler. "Complete final scratches." Scratches seem a funny thing to offer for sale until you learn the term applies to horses withdrawn or eliminated from competition. Four-fifths of the race-track customers

seem to buy the sheets. They sell at 15 cents.

The special is stuffy, and blue with cigar smoke. Dope sheet peddlers hawk their typed or mimeographed tips through its length. A hatless, red-haired man with a sub-basement voice moves through the cars holding up a fistful of little white envelopes. He hollers, "My daily double won eighty-four dollars yesterday. Paid off eighty-four dollars." Every time he sells a sheet, the red-haired man bends close to the customer and whispers in his ear. What this extra service is, it is impossible to guess, but from the way the red-haired tout frowns it seems important.

By and by all the sheet peddlers get off the train. The train rumbles out of the city to greener pastures. The air is melted gold. The spreading fields are bright with newly minted buttercups and fresh greenery, but the riders are blind to all this. Hardly one leaves off his extraordinary dope sheet concentration to see what lies beyond the special's window. The train stops at the race-track siding. Passengers climb down and blink in the sun. Around them, just off the railroad siding, behind rickety little counters set in the open, white and Negro men and women shrill their wares. They offer sandwiches, coffee, cold drinks. Food odours seem to penetrate the dulled sensibilities of the race-track customers. Men and women wolf sandwiches and gulp their drinks.

The track stretches, green and white, in the warm Spring sun. The sky is warm blue, a lake for idling clouds. Here, fresh swarms of dope-sheet peddlers and touts hoarsely call their prognostication for the day. A broad-shouldered Negro in excessively gaudy suiting is the loudest. He keeps calling "Twenty-seven winners in seven days. Six more yesterday."

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A ROYAL GAME OF CARDS

(By E. J. Gravestock)

The voice of scandal has so rarely been raised against English Royalty that when it is the whole world sits up and listens. One such occasion occurred over forty years ago, when the Prince of Wales — afterwards King Edward VII. — became embroiled in a case for defamatory slander arising out of a game of cards. In September, 1890, the Prince of Wales was a guest in a large house party given by Mr. Arthur Wilson at his home, Tranby Croft, near Hull, for the St. Leger meeting. After dinner on the first evening, some of the guests played baccarat. The counters used were the property of the Prince, and ranged in value from 5/- to £10. The usual rules governing the game were observed, and the table used was a make-shift one. H.R.H. was the banker. During the game, Mr. A. S. Wilson, a son of the house, noticed that his neighbour, a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Scots Guards, Sir William Gordon-Cumming, was not playing according to the code, in fact was cheating. Passing the word to the player on the other side of him, Mr. Berkeley Levett, who happened to be a subaltern in the same regiment, they both watched and saw him withdrawing or building up his stake under cover of his hand, apparently according to the value of the cards dealt to him. After the game, Mr. Wilson mentioned the matter to his mother, and also his brother-in-law, Mr. Lycett Green, who told his wife. Consequently five persons were aware of what was happening. The next night, when baccarat was again proposed, Mr. A. S. Wilson selected a larger table which he hoped would prevent any cheating, but unsuccessfully, as all five subsequently stated that although they had not agreed to watch, they noticed Sir William Gordon-Cumming cheating. The Prince was again banker, and Sir William placed his stake near to the line which was drawn round the table to divide the stakes from the players' own counters. After receiving a card, he added to his stake, or reduced it, his action being governed by the value of the card.

The next morning a conference was held, and it was decided to relate what had happened to Lord Coventry, and General Owen Williams who was a great friend of the culprit, and then pass the word along to the Prince of Wales, who was quite in the dark as to what was going on. The disclosure, of course, created a terrific sensation, as a cheat at cards is held in detestation in all walks of life; that it should be one who was the head of a crack regiment and a friend of the highest in the land, was almost inconceivable.

Those concerned were in a quandary; it would not do for it to become known outside the few people who had witnessed the cheating, and those who had been told. Eventually, with the Prince's approval, Sir William was asked to sign a declaration in which he promised not to play cards for money again, and those who knew what had happened would on their part promise not to tell anyone of the incident. If he did not sign, he would have to take the consequence of it becoming broadcast, with the resultant disgrace. Protesting his innocence, Sir William signed, and it was witnessed by ten persons, headed by the Prince.

Some one of the party, however, must have spilled the beans, for a few weeks later Sir William received an anonymous letter from Paris saying his dastardly conduct was known. He promptly brought an action for defamatory scandal against the five persons who had watched his play on the second night and had related what they had seen. H.R.H. the Prince was subpoenaed to appear as a witness, and he duly appeared at the trial, which took place in June, 1891. The counsel for the prosecution was Sir Edward Clarke, who stated in his case that H.R.H. was appearing in pretty poor company, as one of his friends had been accused of cheating at cards, several had taken part in a friendly game to establish that the accused was a swindler, and of the ten who had signed one had certain-

ly broken his word of honour that he would not tell what had occurred. On this point a well-known legal authority suggested some time after the case that there was not a traitor in the camp, but that the accused had been seen at the races the next day very downcast and anxious, and that the rest of the house party, including the Prince had cut him, and it was deduced from this that something unpleasant had taken place, and the truth had been surmised. This plausible theory was, however, knocked out by the fact that owing to a death in the party not a single member attended the races.

The fact that the accused had signed a statement promising not to play cards again was made the most of by the defence, and they maintained that if he was innocent he certainly would not have signed such a damning statement. The accused, however, maintained that his action was governed by his desire to keep the Prince's name from being associated with any scandal, and the fact that H.R.H. and General Owen Williams had not reported the cheating to the Military authorities, which they were under obligation to do, inferred that the Prince at least was not convinced that Sir William was guilty. This was, however, bowled over when a jurymen asked the Prince whether he believed him guilty or not, and the Prince replied that in view of the evidence he was compelled to conclude that he was guilty. The defence argued that five persons, all of whom were friends of the accused, had seen him cheat more than once, and unless they were guilty of a vile conspiracy, or under some hallucination, there was no explaining it away. As was generally expected, the verdict was given for the defence.

The conclusion of the trial brought forth a deluge of condemnation on the Prince all over the world, and there ensued the greatest scandal ever associated with English Royalty. H.R.H.'s little game of baccarat became everybody's business. If the Prince himself had been caught cheating he could not have

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LAKE CARGELLIGO

THE aborigines held the Lake in great awe—it was to them a magic place that belonged to the "old man"—the witch doctor.

They believed that when the foot of a rainbow was in the Lake, little rainbow snakes clustered round it, and that the witch doctor would climb the rainbow serpent, and in that way become endowed with supernatural powers. The first white man to look upon the Lake was John Oxley—this in 1817, when, riding with companions, he was "agreeably surprised by the sight of a very fine lake."

Oxley, most impressed with what he termed the "noble lake," named it after his Royal Highness William, the Prince Regent. The next Surveyor General to see it—Major Thomas Mitchell—in 1836 found a very different scene.

The lake had almost dried up, and for the most part was covered with luxuriant grasses. The blacks had named the place "Cudjallagong" a "place where birds congregate," or as sometimes thought to mean more generally, "Lake with red mud."

Major Mitchell was not impressed with the lake, but it must be remembered that he arrived there after a very dry season, and there was, of course, in those days, no water conservation which to-day makes the lake permanent. Stockmen soon followed the explorers and quickly picked the good spots along the river for the establishment of pastoral stations without lease or licence.

The first road to the district ran along the south edge to the Lachlan River.

During the winter of 1844 there were extremely heavy rains along the Lachlan, and about the first week in October, rain set in even more heavily; the loss of life during this flood was providentially small, and so also was the loss of stock.

The next moves in the district came from the Government, so with the 1846-1847 Squatting Act, all squatters were compelled to apply for licences. The earliest reservation for a future village near Lake Cargelligo was made by Surveyor Larmer in 1850, and extended from the Lachlan River to about the north boundary of the present town with a width of four miles. Some of the old runs were divided into new runs, but as communications with Sydney for supplies could be made only by horse and dray in the 60's, there was no inducement for small settlers at Cargelligo.

The main stations in those days were "Cargelligo," "Maria's Lake," and "Wooyeo."

In 1875, a Mrs. Foster whilst walking with her husband at Wooyeo Station, accidentally kicked a mound of freshly turned earth, and discovered gold in the loose ground. Within a week there were fully 1,000 people on the latest gold-field, and the Mining Warden was invited to Cargelligo.

He declared it a gold-field which necessitated the removal of Wooyeo wool-shed to a site five miles from town. The establishment of the township of Lake Cargelligo was really due to the discovery of gold; Foster's Reef was the main mine, but unfortunately the district did not fulfil its promise as a gold mining centre, and later the mine petered out.

The proclamation of Cargelligo as a gold-field alienating about 213 square miles of country, prevented settlement under Conditional Purchase tenure, and it was not until the end of the 70's that the reservation against settlement was lifted.

Surveyor Andrew Menzies on 27th June 1878 made the first survey for a design plan of the village, and in the subdivision of runs, Wooyeo Pastoral Holding came into being, this being held at that time by Duncan McKellar.

Names of early pioneer interest in those days included Stephen Brooks, Benjamin Prior, T. T. Grace, William Budd, George Barnes and Richard Young.

As early as 1888, officials from the Government and local identities were considering the idea of making Lake Cargelligo a permanent lake by means of irrigation, the idea advanced for the purpose being the storage of water in the Lake for irrigation and distribution down the Lower Lachlan by means of an off-take canal from the Lachlan River, and the construction of a further canal and weir below the off-take.

But this excellent scheme did not come to fruition for another 14 years. The rabbit plague and financial crisis followed by drought, dealt the district a severe blow, but the initiative and resourcefulness of the settlers triumphed, and a tremendous export trade in frozen rabbits was established, miles of netting being erected.

The pioneer member for Wagga, James Gormley, never missed an opportunity in the House, of urging closer settlement, and it was due to him that the interest of that far-sighted statesman and democrat was secured—Mr. E. W. O'Sullivan. The possibilities of the district were investigated, and at the instigation of Mr. O'Sullivan, the Lake was made the wonderful and permanent balancing reservoir that it is to-day.

Transport had always been a bar to closer settlement, and incredible though it may seem, graziers near Lake Cargelligo at one time sent their goods to Melbourne.

In 1911 the district surrounding Lake Cargelligo was described as thinly populated and comparatively unproductive. Then it was that urgent representations were made for the establishment of a railway so that the resources of the district might be developed.

Plans succeeded, and in April 1917 the Wyalong-Ungarie-Lake Cargelligo Railway line was officially opened.

In February 1919 all authorities agreed on Lake Cargelligo as the official name of the village, railway station, post office and public school. Steady expansion followed, to be accelerated in the early 1920's. Men came from Victoria and South Australia with their families. In those States they were able to sell their wheat land for £10 and £12 an acre to buy in this new district much larger holdings with the prospects of selling at a profit or subdividing among their sons.

Endless miles of green wheat shoots grew and ripened and turned to a waving golden sea. But the reign of wheat was insecure, the weather and world market being contributing factors. Nevertheless, despite many reverses, the district has developed to the prosperity of to-day, and besides carrying many cattle and horses, derives its importance from wheat, wool, and fat lambs, in addition to producing lucerne, millet, fruit and vegetables.

Large stations exist, many carrying improved pastures and fine stands of established lucerne. The Lake itself is a truly beautiful expanse of water, a perfect sanctuary for wild life, providing abundant facilities for bathing, rowing or launch trips.

The town of Lake Cargelligo itself possesses spacious streets, electric power and light, a water supply system, a park on the edge of the Lake, swimming baths and tennis courts, also its own newspaper, "The Lake News."

There is a large showground and fine community hospital, so that the Lake Cargelligo of to-day is not lacking in all that makes for modern comfort and living.

For this achievement we offer a tribute to the foresight and indomitable courage of those brave pioneers who made that progress possible, and provided the generation of to-day with an inspiration for the future.



Lake Cargelligo Branch.

The RURAL BANK

OF NEW SOUTH WALES

A Royal Game of Cards

(Continued from Page 9.)

been more severely castigated. One Continental comic paper had a cartoon showing Windsor Castle, with the Prince of Wales' feathers painted on the doors with the motto "Ich Deal." It was expected that the newspapers and journals of other countries should criticise the Prince, but when the English Press started attacking him matters took a serious turn.

Religious newspapers especially seized the chance to preach against gambling, and raised their voices to high heaven in protest that a member of the Royal family should set such a bad example to his people; that he even carried his own gambling counters marked with the Royal device, and insisted that his friends wherever he stayed should play for high stakes. One journal accused him of being the leader of a vicious gambling circle that was undermining the morals of the people. Never before had inconspicuous little newspapers had such an opportunity of chastising Royalty in their columns. All the narrow-minded little scribes in the country raised their pens in horror, and thanked God that they were not as H.R.H., and never played even whist for money. Another writer said that the Prince's host would never allow gambling in his house, but that the Prince on the occasion of the cheating had compelled him to arrange the game. The Heir to the Throne—on account of accepted tradition—could not publicly reply to any of these attacks from moralists and reformers, but E. F. Benson in his memoirs "As We Were" tells how the Prince discussed the case with his father, who was then Archbishop of Canterbury. H.R.H. sent for the Archbishop, just when the hooting was at its highest, and told him that the whole of the religious and church press was condemning him "as a gambler and worse," and he believed that the Archbishop had instigated the campaign, and that he wished to discuss the whole matter with him personally.

How the Prince had gained this impression the Archbishop was not curious enough to enquire, but con-

tented himself with saying that there was no truth of any sort or kind in the accusation. He had, on the contrary, been particularly careful neither to say nor write a single word of comment on the whole business and had forbidden any discussion of the case in his own house. What he thought about the matter was a very different thing, and that was his own concern, but he would be delighted to tell the Prince, if he wished, what he did think, or if His Royal Highness preferred he would write him a letter about it. They then discussed the whole affair. The Prince was eager to state to an old friend of his, who was also head of the Church, what he had to say in answer to the fierce attacks made on him in the Church papers. He strongly affirmed he was no gambler, that gambling, as he understood the word, was hateful to him, but that playing cards for small sums was no such thing. But he would never try to put down betting; there was a national instinct for betting, and every small boy in a grocer's shop put his sixpence on the Derby. "Very bad developments that leads to," said the Archbishop. "Certainly it does," said the Prince, "but there's no harm in playing cards for money in itself. And one of the first men I ever played cards with was Bishop Wilberforce." The Prince then dealt with certain points in the attacks made on him. "They say I carry about counters, as a Turk carries his prayer-carpet," he said. "But the reason why I carry counters is to check high play. High sums are easily named, but these counters range from five shillings to ten pounds, and that can hurt nobody." Counters in baccarat are as necessary as a pencil and a scoring sheet in bridge. Another point the Prince made was the statement freely printed in the Press, that his host disapproved of cards and forbade them in his house, but that in spite of that the Prince had insisted on playing. He affirmed that he had been absolutely unaware at the time that Mr. Wilson had any objection to games of cards being played in his house, and that, when in conse-

quence of these statements he had enquired into it, he had found it was not true. Mr. Wilson had never forbidden cards in his house, and the only foundation for his supposed prohibition was that when his sons were quite young, just growing up, if he found them playing recklessly he said to them, "You don't understand the game, you don't play it properly, and I won't have you play it." On that alone was founded the accusation that he himself had insisted on playing baccarat against his host's wishes.

A letter from the Archbishop brought forth a reply from the Prince, in which he said: "A recent trial, which no one deplores more than I do and which I was powerless to prevent, gave occasion for the Press to make most bitter and unjust attacks upon me, knowing that I was defenceless, and I am not sure that politics were not mixed up in it. The whole matter has now died down, and I think therefore it would be inopportune for me to in any public manner allude again to the painful subject which brought such a torrent of abuse upon me not only by the Press, but by the Low Church and especially the Non-conformists. They have a perfect right, as I am well aware, in a free country like our own to express their opinions, but I do not consider they have a just right to jump at conclusions regarding myself without knowing the facts. I have a horror of gambling and should always do my utmost to discourage others who have an inclination for it, as I consider that gambling, like intemperance, is one of the greatest curses which a country can be afflicted with. Horse-racing may produce gambling or it may not, but I have always looked upon it as a manly sport which is popular with Englishmen of all classes, and there is no reason why it should be looked upon as a gambling transaction. Alas! Those who gamble will gamble at anything."

E. F. Benson, commenting on the case, writes that it is impossible in the light of the interview and exchange of letters between his father and the Prince not to feel the utmost sympathy with the Prince of Wales. Not only had the Press

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A Day at the Races

(Continued from Page 8.)

The bait catches many buyers and the loud-voiced peddler does well. It develops he has been around the tracks for more than twenty years, clocking horses each morning and figuring how they will run.

His name is Satisfaction Brooks. His sheets sell at 25 cents. He bel-lows, "No ifs—that's me. Satisfaction Brooks they calls me, 'cause I gives satisfaction." During a lull he mops his shining face with a bandanna and answers a few questions. How come a man can pick twenty-seven winners in a week and not get rich? Satisfaction shrugs. He says he does all right. He makes 12 to 15 dols. on good days, just selling sheets. That's good money, man. The way he figures it, that ain't hay. Satisfaction Brooks is doing all right.

In the grounds you add an official programme to your burden of race-track literature. By this time dope sheets, scratch sheets and newspapers fill all your pockets. Few seem to agree on possible winners. You pass through a line of uniformed Pinkertons who wear air raid warden brassards. Signs on the wall and posts say, "In case of air raid persons in this area seek shelter under grandstand. Walk, do not run. Obey orders of wardens." Cards with similar legend face you in the great clubhouse restaurant where you dine and watch the races at the same time.

Uniformed messengers move from table to table accepting bets. Down under the grandstand hot dogs are 10 cents and drinks are 10 cents, but the menu in the clubhouse is a little frightening. Here frankfurters are 80 cents, coffee 25 cents, a ham sandwich 60 cents. The waiters wear trim Summer mess jackets and function under command of a dignified chief. The men and women at the tables are expensively dressed. The waiters, you learn, get only 10 dol. a week in salary, but with gratuities they can earn from 35 to 50 dols. a week. Sometimes they get tips from horse owners they serve and make a little extra money that way.

"You have to know your owners, though," your waiter tells you. "Sometimes waiters know more than certain owners do." The waiters travel with the horses from track to track. Some of them have been at it twenty to thirty years. In spite of direct tips from owners, none of them seem to get rich. They know the horses, and almost every one has betting fever, but in the long run they come off no better than the horse player who shuts his eyes and sticks a pin blindly through the entries sheet to make a choice.

You pick up an astonishing amount of information on the track. It takes more than 300 men to guard, clean and operate a race track. The stout man who blows the horses to the post is no ordinary bugler. He's Karl Rissland, who used to play first cornet with the Minneapolis Symphony and with the San Francisco Symphony. He studied at the Institute of Musical Arts thirty years ago and at one time was General Pershing's trumpeter. The outrider behind the horses going to the barrier wears a red hunting jacket that's worth 100 dols. He was a jockey until he got too heavy to ride racing mounts.

The judges get 50 dols. a day to sit and watch the races. Upstairs in the tower at the finish line a 35-millimeter motion-picture camera takes the last fifty yards of every race. The operator pulls the film out immediately, sloshes it around in the developer a few seconds and can throw it on the screen a minute after finish. The judges stand out in a little corridor and study it when they're in doubt. When they've done this, the operator throws the film in a waste can. The images fade from it in a short time because they are not fixed. The camera concession, incidentally, costs race-track owners 100 dols. a day. It's run by J. J. Jones, a Florida man. Brings him 180,000 to 200,000 dols. a year.

Race-track owners are sternly efficient. They get back some of their expense by selling horse fertiliser. They accept bids. The successful

buyer pays around 15,000 dols. for the fertiliser at big tracks like Belmont and anywhere from 10,000 to 12,000 dols. at smaller tracks. Forty men swarm on to the field the moment a day's racing ends and gather up the programmes, newspapers, losing tickets and other waste. They bale it and sell it and the funds go to the race-track owners.

Stewards who watch the conduct of jockeys, trainers and owners get from 75 to 100 dols. a day. They're experienced horsemen—sometimes former owners—and what they say is final. They can drag down, for example, a jockey who loses his temper and mistreats a horse, a jockey who rides foul, or a trainer who drugs an animal. England's stewards are a little different. They're apt to be a horsey nobility, but there are a few stipendiary stewards.

The Jockey Club maintains a staff of inspectors, who get 10 dols. a day, to check even the most insignificant changes in a mount. If a horse gets a fresh scar the inspectors immediately photograph it and file grave memoranda on it. Copies of these records go to the various tracks and are filed in a horse identification bureau, to prevent "ringers" from getting into a race. The inspectors look over every horse in the paddock before he goes out, to make certain the scars and other markings check. The Racing Calendar, put out by the Jockey Club, runs a regular obituary column on racehorses so that no ghost mount can get into a race.

The jockeys' quarters are in extraordinary disorder. Undersized riders stroll around in their underwear, or without underwear. Waiting their turn to go out they play cards, smoke, gulp hot coffee served by a white-jacketed Negro. They are called fifteen minutes before post time. A sharp-faced man shouts up the stairs, "All right, men. Let's go." They stir slowly, get into their silks and troop downstairs. They stand in line at the weighing machine, chewing incessantly, or smoking. When they step down they take their race number off a wall rack and a valet carries their tack out to the horse. The radios they have left behind blare on up-

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A Day at the Races

(Continued from page 13.)

stairs as they go out to get riding instructions from the trainers.

On the paddock rail you see the gamblers and horse lovers. The race-track habitués do not put their money in at the betting windows until they have studied the horse, the rider, the trainer. They look at a horse's knees, his head, his eyes, certain they can read them as a scholar can read a book. Certain sharpies, you're told, trail trainers and watch their lips in an effort to make out what they are saying to the jockeys, to the owners, or to friends. You hear that certain horse players, in an effort to get vital information, even hire deaf-mutes as their lip readers. You're told these lip readers sometimes get orders to follow a trainer or an owner to a window to try to read his bets as he calls them to the man who sells betting tickets.

Drifting through the crowd, you pick up a dozen betting systems in almost as many minutes. You hear the woman betting because she likes the golden mane on a horse—she will not be dissuaded by the sullen unsentimental growl of her escort. You see the sucker who has bought Satisfaction Brooks and who stays with him even after the first few races should have brought disillusionment. You see the ones who use the poke-pencil method, and you hear the far-fetched ravings of hunch players. At the end of a race you see semi-hysterical two-dollar players racing for their long-shot winnings, but you see other thousands sadly tearing up their tickets and letting them fall. You hear your neighbour cursing Meade, the jockey. "He rides three winners yesterday," the aggrieved player tells the whole section, "and when I get aboard him he rides like a fish." These, you learn, are men

who play the jockey, not the horse. The variations are infinite.

The last race is run. The horses are led away by grooms, the jockeys weigh out to make certain they have not thrown away the leads they carry to make a given weight. Within fifteen minutes the great track that has shaken to the roar and to the shrill pleadings of bettors falls silent. The grounds are littered with losing tickets, programmes, newspapers, cigarette wrappers. Twilight shadows lengthen on the deserted field. Sweepers and salvage crews swarm out with brooms and trucks. The end of another day of the sport of kings and knaves. Leaving the track you hear the cries of the sheet peddlers again. On portable presses they have run off, in a great rush, the names of the winners they picked. They offer great promises for tomorrow. To-morrow the crowds will come again. To-morrow will see another 1,000,000 dols. bet at the windows.

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CHANGE YOUR PACE

(Hilton Gregory)

All of us have experienced at one time or another the feeling of renewal that comes from a change of pace. We may be walking or driving along slowly, and something happens that makes us speed up. New sensations occur, new thoughts cross the mind. We become more alert. Or if we have been walking breathlessly beyond our pace there is a feeling of relief, even repose, in slowing down.

The pace that kills is the pace that never changes; frequent change of pace will keep us from tedium on one hand or apoplexy on the other.

For most of us a change of pace means slowing down, but in many activities we should speed up. We may walk and talk too fast but think and work too slowly.

Everyone in journalism knows that as a deadline approaches the reporter, the make-up man, the people on the copy desk all turn out better work in half the time it takes when there is no pressure. The acceleration releases latent powers. I have seen men, when there is time, bone for an hour over a title or a heading—conjuring up, as the slow mind at work will, dozens that are no good. But as the last hour approaches, when there is no time to dally, their minds click and the captions come in a flash. It is not mere speed that does the trick, but speed that follows deliberation.

Experts in charge of reading clinics point out that the best way to get something out of the printed page is to read it fast, to set about to see how quickly it can be intelligently covered, because the mind may wander when reading is too slow. The chances are that you should change your reading pace from one of leisurely inspection to one of concentrated, swift consideration. On the other hand, if you have allowed yourself to become a hit-and-run reader, you may need to give more time. No one pace is adequate in reading. There are books to be read hastily and others to be read with loving delay.

I have a nephew whose slowness is the despair of his teachers, not to mention his kin. At the age of nine he gets his work done in his own

good time. The other morning his mother suggested with wisdom that he write a letter before going to school. His other letters had taken as much as a day, off and on, to compose. In this case, his time was limited to 20 minutes in which to write his grandmother everything he could think of. The result was the best letter he had ever done. It was the change of pace that did it, by putting emphasis upon the preciousness of time and the importance of using it to maximum effect.

We've been kidding ourselves too long with the notion that we are rushed to death. We are rushed with the wrong things. In these we ought to slow down, but in others speed up. "Slow and easy" is no motto for an interesting life, as some contend. Indeed slowness may be a deterrent; often a man can get further with a difficult job by plunging into it full steam.

Not infrequently a change of pace is in itself a means of learning. Years of using the typewriter steadily—added to the fact that I never learned to write as a child—recently made it almost imperative that I improve my longhand. I discovered that I had been rushing pellmell through my words. I disciplined myself to write plainly, meticulously. Associates testify gratefully that the improvement is a long step toward legibility. And what was once a chore has become a pastime.

Thus a change in tempo may increase enjoyment whether or not it improves our work. If you are doing something tedious, it may become fun if done at a changed speed. Many tasks—to mention only cleaning house and writing letters—are oppressive in part at least because they are time-consuming. But if we make them an affair of dashing cavalry our attitude changes. The job becomes an adventure, or a contest at least. For, oddly enough, a job done at different speeds is not the same job at all. The motions and emotions connected with it are different. Many people who pine to change their jobs need only to change the pace with which they do their jobs—mix up

their work and get variety into the tempo.

Change of pace is like what we call second wind; in moments of fatigue it sets up a fresh current of nervous energy. If you have been methodically moving around the house, making beds, dusting, sweeping, try shifting the flow of our energy into a different rhythm. Or in the office, vary rush typing with work at slower speed. As you work at any fatiguing task you'll find that an occasional change of tempo rewards you, like the second wind, with a glowing sense of power.

Nowhere in the simple acts of daily life does a change in pace make more difference than in eating. Most of us gulp our food, and we miss half the fun of eating. I was a fast eater, and so tried imagining that I was a slow-motion picture of myself. Then I really tasted for the first time foods I had been eating half-consciously all my life.

I live in one of the uncelebrated scenic spots of the United States. There are no travel folders to hymn its grandeur. Everyone rather accepts its charm as a matter of course, and one reason for this is that no one, save perhaps when mothering a new car, drives slowly enough to appreciate the region. Until I myself broke in a new car I never even saw an old tulip tree on the way to the station. Its top is broken by a generation of storms, some of its limbs are missing, yet it survives with a pride and strength that shame me in moments of trifling discouragement. It has been there for years, but I never saw it while I was hell-bent for nothing. And there is a cathedral of trees and rocks on the parkway not a mile from where I live—a place of quietness and strength. Even to glance at it thoughtfully in passing is to experience a moment of vespers. I had never been aware of this spot until I changed my pace.

Since in my work I have to talk a lot, I have fallen into the habit of talking rapidly. Lately I decided to alternate rapid speech with periods of slowing down, weighing each word, and letting its implications have full play. And this, I find, keeps the

auditor's attention on edge, and makes me phrase more clearly the ideas I want to convey. But it does more—it affords me a new sense of confidence.

Haven't you, on the other hand, known dreary, hesitant people who ought to try talking fast for a change? While they fumble vaguely with facts, ideas and phrases, you'd like to jolt them into thinking a sentence swiftly through before they began it, so that words would follow one another with logical sequence and zip. Deliberate speeding up would not only add tremendously to their conversational effectiveness, but would also transform them by giving them a new and more sparkling personality.

In our method of thinking, above all, change of pace can be invaluable. The almost universal curse of worry is simply thought slowed down to a stumbling and circuitous walk. To think through and settle once for all a problem in the shortest possible time, and to act briskly and daringly on our decision, is to annihilate the problem of worry.

On the other hand, on busy days, try slowing down instead of speeding up. Linger over breakfast, pretend that you have a lifetime for the many things which must be crowded in before night. Live at slow motion. Instead of racing, make yourself stroll. And, paradoxically, when evening comes you will have actually done more work than if you had pushed yourself.

To live all one's life at *largo* would be deadly boring. The symphony you like or the musical composition that stirs you is neither fast nor slow throughout; it has as much variety in tempo as in mood. It is

made savage capital out of the incident, but it had libelled him, making public statements about him which were definitely untrue, but to which he could not reply. He had been execrated as a gambler, who was determined to have his baccarat whatever his host's feelings were, and whose luggage, according to comic prints, chiefly consisted of gaming counters, but his reiterated statement that he was not a gambler and that he abhorred gambling carried complete conviction for its sense and sincerity. A game of cards for such stakes as he and his party had been playing was not, according to his view, gambling at all. Gambling was playing for stakes which a man could not afford and had no business to risk, and this view must surely commend itself as sound to anyone who has played domestic bridge for a shilling a hundred.

this in part that keeps your interest keyed to the theme.

If we are hectic and rushed it is not necessary to pull up stakes, move to the country and drive a horse to change the pace of living. It's not the city or business that wears us out; it's our response to it, our meeting life head-on without slowing down or speeding up. So if you are hitting a terrific pace, slow down. You don't have to slow down forever: it's the change you need. Or if you are going too slowly, if you are not alert but stodgy and graceless in your living, "step on it" a while. What's tedious in one speed may be delightful in another.

—"Reader's Digest."

A Royal Game of Cards

(Continued from Page 11.)

Gambling is not an absolute term, nor is it to be defined by one fixed set of figures. It is a question of proportion, and while a bet of a sovereign on the Derby is culpable gambling on the part of a man whose wages are thirty shillings a week, it would be a ludicrous misuse of language to call the same bet gambling if made by a man who had ten thousand a year. The use of alcohol furnishes an excellent parallel, for drinking only becomes a vice when it is indulged in to excess, and the question of excess is part of a personal equation, similar to that concerning stakes at cards and the income of the players, and no one but a faddist could object on principle to a man taking a glass of wine with his dinner. The rigid moralists of the Non-conformist Press had failed to appreciate this, and their homilies based on a misconception of the case, and decorated with ripe juicy falsehoods, must have been intolerable to the Prince. He had been put in pillory for the whole of the ugly story, the cheating and the watching, which took place before he came into the affair at all, and a private game of baccarat in which he was perfectly at liberty to indulge in a friend's house resulted in these attacks from which he was powerless to defend himself. But reasonable folk had no opportunity to hear what he had to say, and until the supply of gossip inventions ran low, the Press continued to regale the public with these morsels.

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SYDNEY

SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th, 1942

THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. penalty. Nomination 10/-; acceptance 10/-.

ABOUT ONE MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS.

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £70, third £35 from the prize. For three and four-year-olds at time of starting. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

ONE MILE

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age with penalties and allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards.) Of £1,000; second £150, third £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £400 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £150 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £150 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and Trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. Nomination £1; acceptance £9.

ONE MILE AND A FURLONG.

THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; acceptance £4.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £350; second £70, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. Nomination £1; acceptance £2/10/-.

ONE MILE.

NOMINATIONS for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on

MONDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1942.

and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (The Chelmsford Stakes excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 7th September, 1942.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 10th September, 1942, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Entries for the above races are accepted subject to the following conditions, viz.:—"The Committee reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and acceptance fees advertised and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise."

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the numbers of horses which would be run in such race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

The Committee also reserves the right to vary the distance of any event and to change the venue of the race meeting.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time for starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.